

EARLY DAYS OF DRUMMING.

From the Boston Daily Globe.
 PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 10. "I believe I was

"I sometimes wonder, when I meet the boys who were with me in the States, how they would like to rapid travelling, the best of hotels and the best of living generally. I sometimes wonder what they would do if they were suddenly put back to the life we led as we had to fifty years ago. I think I would like to see some of the boys who were with me in the States, and make a success of the business that we did in those days.

"Nearly fifty years ago, when the business of selling goods by samples was in its infancy, a drummer had but just been discovered."

of course not many of them in a year when it took about three weeks to go from Portland to Chicago and back, and the voyage took much longer than months. They had to endure many privations, but we were badly set, and were content with a little, if it could get plenty of orders. The crews were miles and miles apart, then, and I was not able to see them. The commercial success of many of them, and knowledge that I was not in the West, kept me in with the men who were trying to find a trade under what seemed many times the discourteous circumstances.

I have passed hundreds of nights camped in the open air, with only a blanket for covering, and the ground for a bed. The unhampered trade in the West then in behalf of eastern houses, didn't mind that, but we did not take to the rattlesnakes sometimes. It didn't

when we could travel by canal boat or
pennboat, but the dreadful Western stage
was what tried our patience.

Time ran so slowly, but for the fact that
my mother and I were so well carried, I found
I was preferred to walk and could have boat
stages under ordinary circumstances. Most
times I did walk, but it was less the stage
than a roll on my shoulder ready to help
me stand itself out of the mud.

It was a fine time to have the best,
and boats would make from two to three miles
an hour. If the time was long, the women
by the Captains and passengers were con-
sidered good; the beds were fine, but they
were not so good as the beds were in the
boats. I was so comfortable by myself
that I was to-day, the men had been
drummed at, would have seemed a thing

The drummers of to-day won't see the startling changes we have seen, who have followed the same course. The drummers who travelled in New England in the days of the rough and tumble of life then, who went West, and who struck out boldly, finding posts, that we were destined in many cases to grow to be great cities. Still here, as then, the drummers of to-day don't seem to be told of as a part of the life then, and are inclined to think that adventures come to those who seek for them.

We made long trips in those days, long trips in most drummers would think of taking now. The drummers of to-day don't seem to have much ground as possible. For

In those days St. Paul was but a trading post. There were a few business houses, but no hotels. The Indians came from the Mississippi by canoe, from there to St. Louis, then down the Ohio and up the Mississippi from St. Louis to St. Paul by boat. It seemed to me that there were at least 100 Indians at the post trading their furs, brought them in curiously constructed, made without the use of a scrap of iron, wheels a section of a tree, and drawn by a cord. They were dressed in a European style, and, all but a few, who seemed to be a cottee appointed to keep sober, and to see to it that the others were not cheated. Sometimes a crowd would give a yell that fairly seemed to shake the roof off.

"I got at the surroundings. Where Minneapolis stood, there was not a single building. I looked at the great cities. I wondered if it was possible that I could have been there and not know it. It seems strange, and almost beyond comprehension, that my business career should have anticipated those cities, and even that I should have anticipated my life itself; that it is, and I am still a victorious man."

"You spoke of having visited Chicago for five years ago, Mr. Curtis. What sort of a picture is it then?"

"It was but one railroad, a small town in the air, rather contemptuously called the metropolis. I went there from Buffalo by boat, and five days on the way. I tried to do a little business every time we stopped to wood up on the way, and, in fact, we drummers had the

In those days Chicago had few brick buildings, and the wooden ones were seldom more than two stories high. In fact, I am sure to recall a single building more than two stories high, a six-story skyscraper on Lake street, and that was of wood and the story came up through with almost every stair. Ambassadors and stagers brought people there about the most interesting sight was to see Ben Hur, with doors and low ladies pierces in the street, and the same thing in all Chicago when I first struck the place, and even then—and it was the time of smog—there was that same belief in Chicago the same dash and push that you see now.

Only a poor affair, kept in country style, able to accommodate but a few guests. The drummers of to-day are bright fellows, and the drumming is a lower strain than had better times in the days when I caught three miles an hour by canal boat going up, and were content to trudge along behind a stage coach, and not say a word if only our capes were taken through in safety."

Under bank president in New England and in the South, and studied at Georgetown. George Huribart of Roxbury, now in his 40's. The other day he was out with some of his neighborhood boys coasting down hill on a double ripper, and enjoying the sport quite as much as the youngsters.

Noted Aged 105.
From the Atlantic Constitution.

LORENCE, Ala., Jan. 9.—A negro woman named Dolly Amnett died here last night. Her age was said to be 105 years. She had been living in this county nearly ninety years. She was grown when she was brought from Virginia. Her master died, she belonged to the Cashner family in this city, and the white people who have known her for years say she

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